

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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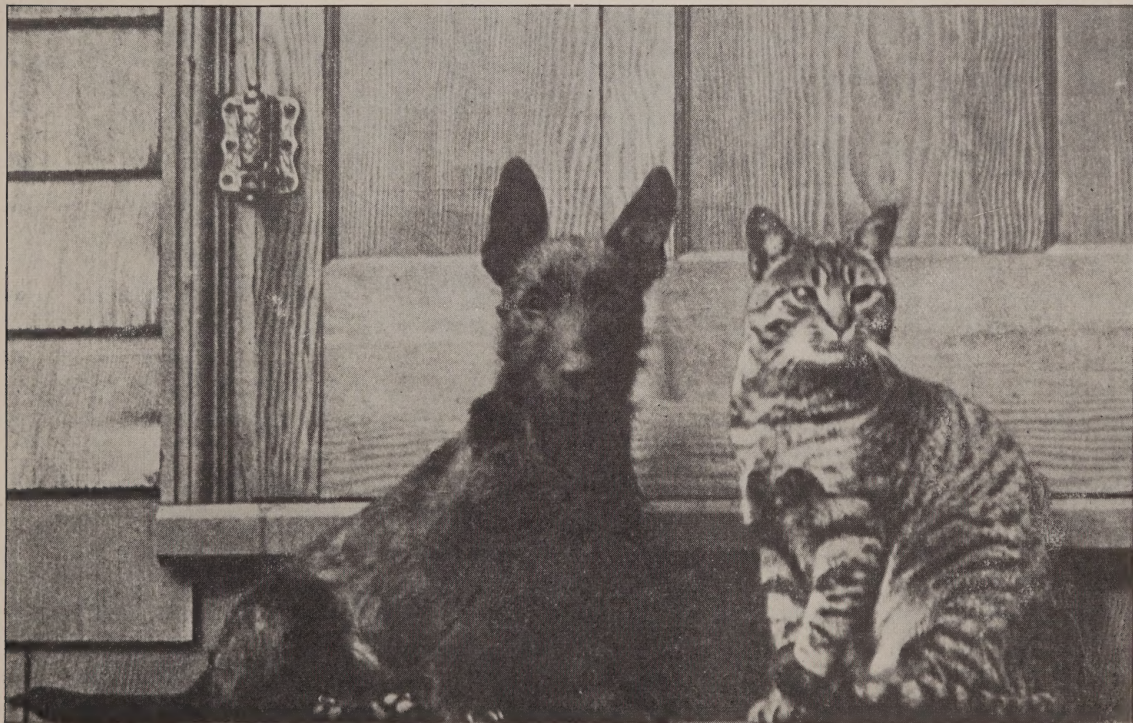
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CONTENTS

Lights and Shadows of Humane Work	2	Stories for Young and Old	8
Bungalow Notes	6	League News and Notes	11
Letters	13		



GOOD FRIENDS.

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

British Women Rescuers of Animals.

BY MRS. FLORENCE SUCKLING.

The first known animal refuge in Great Britain was founded in London in the year 1860, by Mrs. Tealby of Islington, and the original "cause" of this beneficent institution was a lost dog, found crouching on the doorsteps of an empty house, with a broken paw, by Mrs. Tealby. The first premises were at some stables at Halloway, where for years the Society, made into a committee mostly of women, received and destroyed the dogs by prussic acid.

The derision and obloquy which these good ladies met with at first was overwhelming, but they steadily persevered until, the neighborhood becoming populated, the noise of the dogs was considered to be a nuisance, and the Society had to "move on." This was accomplished in 1871, when, aided by friends, it was enabled to purchase ground at Battersea and there to erect modest premises on borrowed money.

It should, however, be mentioned that in 1872 Dr. Benjamin Richardson had read a paper before the London Medical Society on the killing of animals without the infliction of pain, which resulted in the Battersea Institution erecting a large lethal chamber for the destruction of the dogs by means of gases, under the direction of Dr. Richardson.

Early in its career, the home was so fortunate as to secure the sympathy of Charles Dickens, who openly praised it. They also found a champion in Sir Richard Mayne, the commissioner of Metropolitan Police, who suggested that the dogs found wandering by the police, instead of being killed, should be sent to Halloway. This, of course, made a huge increase in the dogs, and in the expenses (which the Government did not attempt to aid), but the committee "felt it their duty to face it," which they bravely did.

It is curious that Mrs. Tealby founded this

home only six years after the passing of the Act of Parliament to prohibit dogs being used as beasts of burden in carts. From the first, Queen Victoria was an interested subscriber to the Home, but shortly before her Jubilee, in 1889, she had charge of a favorite dog belonging to one of her sons who was abroad, and the dog became lost.

After trying every source to recover the royal favorite, some one suggested the Home for lost dogs, where the animal was found on his way to the lethal chamber, as unclaimed and unwanted, and the regulation three days grace expired. This led the Queen to donate her subscription for the future, and to make a personal request that every dog should have five days grace; and moreover she suggested that a country home might be tried, where time expired dogs of the more hopeful kind might be sent. This was acted upon, as the result of a generous response to a special appeal, and the present little park at Hackbridge was acquired, and the keeper's lodge and premises erected.

It is noteworthy that when Queen Victoria received some 7,000 animals' friends at the Albert Hall on the occasion of her fifty years' reign, and to commemorate its royal origin at her hands, she caused the oldest refuge for animals to be represented on the occasion by the Earl of Ouslawn, who presented an address in his capacity as their president from the "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea," to which Her Majesty made a most sympathetic reply.

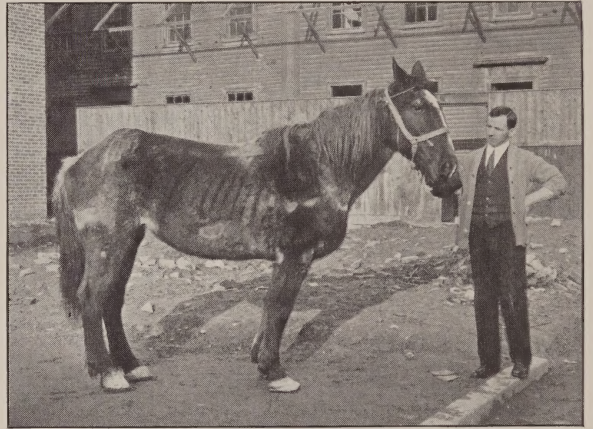
By 1889, numerous shelters for dogs had been instituted in such large towns as Birmingham, Liverpool, Brighton, etc., but nothing had been done for cats until Miss Alice Swifte arose as their champion in Dublin. She was an influential Irish woman of means, which stood her in good stead, for her proposal was met by a perfect outcry of derision. She held her ground, and assisted by Mr. Colam, founded the first cat shelter in 1881; and when she died, not long ago, she had the happiness not only of seeing her own institution a flourishing concern, but cat shelters in various large towns in England and Scotland conducted by private charity or part of branch work of the R. S. P. C. A.,

also in London admirable cat refuges under the direction of Mrs. Gordon at Earle Court, Mrs. Morgan and poor Kate Cording, so recently departed this present world, after untold struggles to first rescue derelict cats in her own house and afterwards to maintain a home in adjoining premises. It was a brave fight, for she had none of the advantages of social position and wealth such as Miss Swifte and Mrs. Gordon possessed, but before she was carried to her death in a London hospital, she had the happiness of knowing that the R. S. P. C. A. would take up her work, and on the premises now known as the Animals Rescue League, 397 City Road, there would be established the first electrical chamber for the painless destruction of animals in England,—the one invented by Mr. Huntington Smith, director of the Animal Rescue League in Boston, Massachusetts.

The society called "Our Dumb Friends League," of London, does not come under the head of women's work, as it was founded by a man, but there are now numerous branches all over England for dogs and cats which were organized by women. Southampton, Bournemouth and other large towns are doing splendid rescue work.

There is yet another work founded by a woman, and that is the Home of Rest for Horses, at Cricklewood, near London. This admirable institution was the idea of Miss Levvy, a devoted friend of horses, who, in 1885 so pitied the lot of the cabman's horses needing rest, but as the sole breadwinner, unable to obtain it, so doomed to the down grade, that she determined to try to help them. Her scheme was to rescue some overworked young horses at a low price, and after resting them into convalescence, to lend them to deserving working men, while their own animals were resting. She proposed the idea in a speech made at the annual meeting of the R. S. P. C. A. in November, 1886, when by all save Mr. Colam, she was deemed an hysterical visionary. He, however, encouraged her to persevere, introducing her to influential horse lovers, and a meeting was eventually called at the offices of the R.S.P. C.A., with Lord Arthur Somerset in the chair, to consider the question.

She lived to see her Home of Rest established at Acton, as one of the rising charities of the country, with annual subscribers who had "letters" according to their donations, to give to working men's horses for free rests, also a flourishing department for all favorite boarders whose payments helped on the Home. Its president is now the Duke of Portland, and the large premises are at Cricklewood, N. W. of London. Its objects are "to enable the poorer classes of horse owners to procure rest and skilled treatment for their animals when such care is needed; to provide animals for the temporary use of poor persons while their own are resting; to provide a suitable asylum for old favorites."



HORSE, OLD AND SUFFERING WITH A TUMOR, TAKEN BY LEAGUE AGENT.

"Too Good to Kill."

As men and women grow older, they do not feel the same energy that they felt when they were young. They like to begin the day more gradually. It is fair to suppose that as horses grow older their joints are not as supple; they begin to feel a stiffness in the knees, and a dread of being hurried, yet such is the fate of the large majority of horses that the older they grow the more likely they are to be pushed and hurried in their work.

If you will notice horses on the streets, you will see with hardly an exception, the horse that is traveling with feeble gait, drooping head, and all the signs of increasing years, has a man behind him with a whip in his hand. The older

and feebler the horse, the more painful and cruel is his lot—yet men and women in comfortable circumstances will sell or give away an old horse, a horse getting too feeble for their work, because, they say, he is “too good a horse to be killed.”

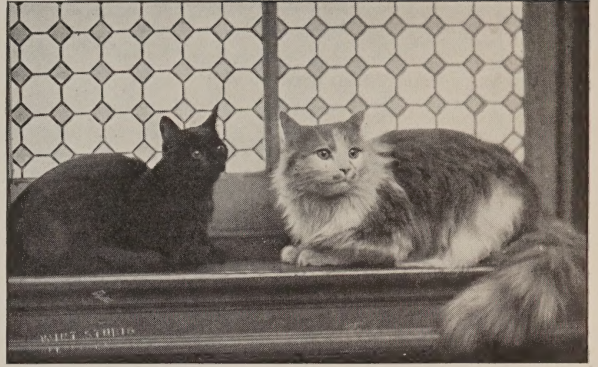
“Too good to be killed,” but not too good to start on the downward path to the cheap grocery, the junk peddler, the Italian fruit vender, to the tender mercies (?) of men or boys who think or care no more about the comfort of the horse than they do about the wagon that this faithful, but unappreciated, friend of man is painfully dragging.

“Too good to kill,” yet not too good to turn out of his comfortable stable where he was well bedded down at night with sweet meadow hay or straw, and well fed with good oats, grain and hay that was not full of dust and brambles, sold, in utter disregard of his increasing years and decreasing strength, to work harder than he ever worked before, and be kept in a barn or shed through which cold winds whistle, and the rain and snow penetrate.

Not that all horses fare like this, but in nine cases out of ten a man who gets a horse for little or nothing is too poor to feed him well or keep him in comfort. Men who are anxious to get an old horse to do their work, as a general rule take the old horse for what they can get out of him, and have no consideration for his advancing years.

You think your horse is “Too good to kill,” but he is not too good to be starved, worked and worried to death. What sort of logic, not to speak of humanity, is there in such an argument!

We say that life is dear to all living creatures, but I can hardly imagine anyone clinging to life when every day brings suffering and misery without hope. If the horse that is just about to be taken from a comfortable home where he has been well fed and cared for, to be passed on from hand to hand, every step a downward one, every change for the worse, could speak, surely he would pray: “Give me quick death, but do not condemn me to die by inches, to suffer every discomfort in my old age, and die without a friend to ease my last moments.”—A. H. S.



GOLDIE AND BROWNIE RUDOLPH BELONGING TO MISS MAXWELL, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Cats and Birds.

In a short report which appeared in some of the daily papers of the annual meeting of the Audubon Society it was said that the reason for the gradual disappearance of birds is that the cats kill them, and an extraordinary statement was made, which, on the face of it, seems utterly improbable, that cats kill 2,000,000 birds every year.

I am wondering if it can be possible that in this meeting, which was said to be very largely attended, nothing was said about the common practice of giving airguns and rifles to boys to use as they please, or of the need of a greater number of game wardens to protect the birds from the pothunters who are killing them every day, or of the manufacture of the repeating rifles that are killing robins in the South by the thousands, or of the great number of trees that are being cut down in the suburbs, in the fields and in the marshes, thus depriving birds of nesting places.

Was nothing said about the number of nests the bluejay and the little red squirrel destroy, or the obstinate determination of many milliners to supply women who care nothing for birds with bird plumage for their hats? Was all the blame given to cats? If so, it was a surprising exhibition of injustice. What an opportunity there was in the large audience to denounce the airgun, the rifle, the killing for sport, and to speak a word for the preservation of trees.

In Dedham and in Needham and I imagine in all the suburbs of Boston, the pothunters are

constantly shooting the pheasants and other birds. Even as I now sit at my desk writing I hear the guns in the neighboring woods. A Dedham boy recently told his mother about boys he knew who were shooting robins and any kind of a bird they saw, for their daily amusement.

A farmer, living in Dedham near Needham, recently said that in the fall he saw quite a number of pheasants, old and young, in the woods of the Brookline waterworks. Then one day an automobile came, bringing two men with guns; they went into the woods and shots were heard; they came twice or three times to this place, and since that time not one pheasant has been seen in that neighborhood. These men, the farmer said, were not Italian pothunters, but men from Dedham and Needham who ought to have been above such slaughter of the birds that we are trying to keep.

In the same piece of woods where these two men were engaged in killing the pheasants, a nest was found under a little pine tree with nine eggs that had evidently been deserted, and it goes without saying that the hen pheasant had been the victim of one of these men or boys who go out not to enjoy the woods but to kill.

Between Dedham and Boston I have seen literally thousands of trees cut down in fields and in pastures within the last year, and this not in places where any building is going on. Many of these trees were pines and cedars, and I am wondering where the birds are going to build their nests this year.

At Pine Ridge where we feed the birds all winter, our one and only cat has never made the slightest attempt to catch a bird, but the bluejays and the little red squirrels have been discovered in the very act of destroying a number of nests.

I am criticized because I oppose the licensing of cats. I do not think cats will ever be licensed, because it would be impossible to enforce such a law. The amount of money it would take to even partially enforce it would supply every town with all the game wardens they need, and if there are wild cats in the woods, destroying the birds, there is no law now to prevent a game warden from shooting them.

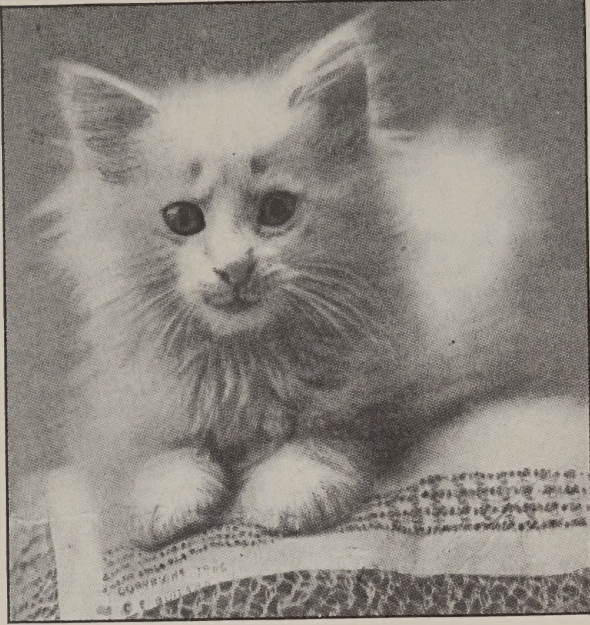
The homeless cat is not protected by law.

As for comparing the licensing of dogs with the licensing of cats, that shows either the ignorance of those that talk about it or lack of thought. The catching of homeless cats would be so much more difficult than the catching of homeless dogs that there is no comparison. The dog catching, wherever it has been done by city officials, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has been a cruel piece of work. If it has been cruel with dogs, how much worse it would be with the cats that are so much more difficult to handle.

When opposing cat license at the State House, I have many times asked how the men favoring the license bill propose to catch or to kill the cats. One man answered that he would kill them by shooting. I replied, "It is very difficult to shoot a cat, and in inhabited places shooting would not be allowed." Another man proposed catching the cats by throwing nets over them. I said I would like to see a man get near enough to a wild and frightened cat to catch it in that way! Another man proposed lassoing and strangling the cats, which every one must see would be too cruel a performance to be considered.

The eleven agents employed by the Animal Rescue League have had much experience with homeless cats, and this experience has proved that a state license bill would require a force of men constantly employed year after year, the expense of which would be sufficient to supply Animal Rescue Leagues or Shelters in every city, town and village in the state. By means of these humane shelters, which, I am glad to say, are now rapidly increasing, the number of cats would be lessened very considerably and quite as much as is advisable since the world is not ready yet to have the useful, companionable cat exterminated, whatever her enemies may say.—A. H. S.

The Annual report of the Animal Rescue League, containing twenty-five illustrations, is ready for circulation and will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents in postage. Address headquarters of the League, 51 Carver Street, Boston.



SNOWBALL.

My Mistress often tells me that
I am a dear, dear little cat.
I rest on pillows, chairs and rugs
And have my share of pats and hugs.

My fur is white as pure, new milk
And Mistress says it's soft as silk:
And I have often heard her say
She'd grieve to have me go away.

She thinks that I am just all right.
My eyes are blue and oh, so bright.
I never once heard her say "Scat"
For I'm a dear, dear little cat.

ITTA ALLEN FELLNER,
541 Commonwealth Av.,
Boston.

Bungalow Notes.

Pine Ridge, March 22.—The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes this morning and looked toward the double window where I have a wide bird shelf were three snow-white doves, their pretty heads close to the pane of glass, looking into my bedroom with reproachful or enquiring eyes.

How much we can understand without the use of language if we choose to so do! I knew that the doves were telling me that the shelf was bare of food, and as soon as possible the fault was remedied. A little later the doves

came again, six of them this time; they took a hasty lunch and flew away and while I was dressing, the shelf was covered with juncos and tree sparrows.

After awhile it began to snow and the snow stirred up all our bird friends to visit the bungalow. It was an ever changing scene—at one time I saw at the front of the bungalow on the bird table a few English sparrows, a gray squirrel, two blue jays; on a tree over the bird table where the suet is fastened were three woodpeckers, and under the bird table was a pheasant pecking away at the crumbs of bread as tranquilly as an old hen.

The pheasants come every day into our lower field where Edward has fed them all winter, but several times one of them, we do not know if it is always the same one, ventures to come up the hill to the bungalow where he finds a change of food. There have been eight pheasants seen at one time in our field but lately we have seen only three or four. The frequent shots we hear in the woods the other side of our fence, across "Jenney's Lane," which I call "the woods of death," explain the disappearance of the pheasants and partridges in our neighborhood. It is not cats!

My desk is placed at the window where I have the shelf for the birds. As I am writing, there has been a descent from the eaves of the bungalow of fluttering white wings, and now the shelf is covered with pigeons. They are so close to me that if it were not for the panes of glass I could put out my hand and touch them. They stare through the window at me with golden-rimmed bright black eyes. Their little legs and feet are covered with feathers. On one of them the feathers are so long that the bird looks as if he had wings on his feet. Some bread crumbs are caught in the feathers on his feet, and another pigeon has just picked off one of the largest crumbs. They are swallowing such large pieces of bread that I wonder they do not get choked to death. One of them has just had quite a time of it trying by stretching his neck and shaking his shoulders to work down the big pieces he has swallowed.

I am afraid they are greedy—these soft, sweet, gentle-looking creatures. A snow-white dove

looks the very spirit of gentleness and peace.
There is nothing more beautiful.



TAME DOVES IN THE BUNGALOW SUN PARLOR.

I wanted all our doves to be snow-white. Our first two, the pair that a member of the League rescued from a place of entertainment, where these two gentle little doves were about to be fed alive to a large snake, were snowy white, and before the year was out we had a little flock of white doves; then came a black and white pigeon, curiously marked, a strange visitor, who liked our place so well he did not go away again and now I see to my regret in our flock, pigeons with spots of black here and there, marring their beauty. How truly "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." I have always loved pigeons. Early in my childhood I learned to repeat some verses that I believe were written by that Swedish writer, Frederica Bremer, whose writings I found in my father's library. I wonder if readers of Bungalow Notes ever saw this little poem for children? I write it from memory, I have not seen it for years:

There sitteth a dove so white and fair
All on a lily spray,

And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her wings
And to Heaven's gate hath sped,
And to the Father in Heaven she bears
The prayers the children have said.

Then back she comes to earth,
And brings, that dove so mild,
From the Father in Heaven who hears her speak,
A blessing to every child.

Then, children, lift up your voice,
She hears whatever you say;
That heavenly dove, so white and fair
That sits on the lily spray.

Writing out this little poem nas brought to my mind another that I think my father must have taught me to sing, as I remember his taking me one day on his knee and asking me to sing it in company, and I was so overcome by the sentiment of it that I broke down in my song, crying, and could not finish it. I wish I could find those verses again for I can only remember a part of the song. I will give what I remember and possibly some one may have heard it long ago.

Ah! there it falls, and now it's dead,
The shot went through its pretty head
And broke its shining wing.
How cold and stiff and still it lies,
How dull and dim its closing eyes,
Poor, harmless little thing!
It was a lark, and in the air
It warbled forth its morning prayer.

That is as far as I can recall the words though I remember the music perfectly, and I remember how deeply it always affected me.

I have loved the birds from a child, and done everything in my power to protect them, but my love for them cannot make me unfair to any other living creature. I am certain that the statements given out publicly about the number of birds killed by cats are very greatly exaggerated. It is a constant surprise to me that so much should be said in blame of cats in comparison to the little said on the subject of boys with air guns and rifles, and men who are "sportsmen," and women who wear birds' feathers, and the collections made of birds' eggs and birds themselves for schools, and the unnecessary cutting down of trees—all of which mean far more danger to bird life than the cats.

If cats were such bird-killers as their enemies declare we should not have an English

sparrow left in the cities and towns where there are always so many cats and where the sparrows are so tame. But what is the use of argument? This crusade against cats is only another illustration of the old proverb—"Give a dog a bad name and hang him!"

I have a friend who owns a cat now over ten years old that she acknowledges is a hunter. In the next house to her lives a neighbor who has at least three cats,—in fact the neighbors all around have cats and have had them for years. I visit this place usually once or twice during the spring and summer and I can truly say, without any exaggeration that I never was in a country house where the whole place was so alive with robins, cat-birds, song-sparrows—every kind of song bird as this place that I visit in Bristol Ferry, R. I.; more than that, the birds seem to grow more numerous every year. So much for the statement that the very presence of a cat on a place drives away the birds.

A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

The Stray. — A Sketch from Life in the Little Animals' Friend.

She was just a little thin dog, with matted, tangled, dirty hair; taught, by ill-usage, hunger, and neglect, to be afraid of every thing, and to trust to nothing except her own little tired legs. I don't know how long she had been lost in the streets, but she was in a deplorable condition when I first saw her. Some noisy school-boys on roller skates were chasing her, and in answer to my expostulations they said: "Please, miss, its only a stray!"

I followed her down a side-street, and saw she was searching the gutters for food, with famished looks. Presently we came to a great building, and through the open gate we could see a school playground. In it stood a man throwing corn to a great flock of pigeons. Perhaps the sight of hungry things being fed gave her courage; at any rate, she crept in at the open gate, and I followed her.

The man was the caretaker of the school, and a good friend to all animals. When he saw this timid, wretched, starved little dog, he at once made kindly advances, but she fled terrified. At that he carefully closed the playground gate and tried to catch the stray.

For all his coaxing he could not get near her, and fear gave her legs untiring speed. Wildly she searched for the way she had come in, and darted to and fro. Finally the caretaker called his wife—a kindly soul in a big blue apron. Together they cornered the trembling little dog, and the wife threw her blue apron over her, and then she was caught. She was mere skin and bone, and her back was badly bruised and bleeding from some heavy blow.

She lay trembling with terror, waiting for more cruel cuffs and blows from her captors. Instead, she was gently carried into a warm room and placed on a mat.

Once she must have been pretty, for she was tiny and well made, and her dirty, matted hair was long and fine, and her frightened eyes were very dark and bright. Her new friends brought her food and tried to reassure her, but she crouched close to the wall, trembling, with her face hidden, for nearly fifteen minutes.

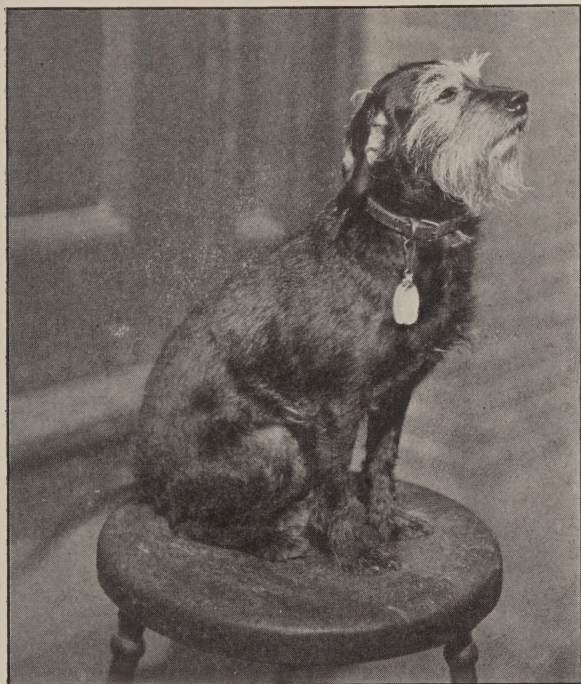
At length the kind strokings and pats, and the kind voices and smell of food, prevailed. She turned round towards the plate stealthily, and suddenly started eating like a famished wolf.

Her new friends would not give her too much in her present condition. When the plate had been licked clean many times over, she showed what struck me as wonderful reasoning powers and memory combined.

Once someone had loved her and taught her tricks. The poor, bruised, starved little creature, with a dim remembrance of politeness in happier days (perhaps by association with kind voices and a carpet), sat up gravely on her hind-legs, and, peeping through her mop of hair with her bright eyes, she extended a dirty little thin paw to each of her friends that they might shake hands with her. It was all she could do to show her gratitude.

Hunted and starved, with so much from evil of man to remember, she could yet call to mind

the trick which had given pleasure to her friends of old days, and for which she had been praised. Her new friends washed and fed her, and kept her for a week, and her looks so improved in that short time that I hardly recognized her; but the most touching thing about her was her adoring affection for the caretaker and his wife. They had two dogs, so could not keep her; but they found her a kind, if humble, home, and I hear she is very much valued by her present mistress.—M. A. WIGLEY.



BUNTING.

This little dog was rescued from the streets ten years ago and taken from the League by Mrs. M—who has ever since given him the best of care.

The Good St. Francis.

Saint Francis of Assisi was born in the year 1181 or 1182. The date of his birth is not quite certain. The secret of St. Francis' wonderful life was love,—not only love to God, but love to every living creature that God has made. There have been other saints, known and honored, whose names were forgotten in a few hundred years, but the name of St. Francis of Assisi has come down through all these centuries

because of the great love he had for all living creatures.

St. Francis believed that all things were of God,—the little birds that were singing in the trees, or the wolf that roamed in the forest,—all were God's, and because they were God's they were his brothers and sisters. He lived in a poor little hut and gave freely to the poor of everything that he had. If he begged and received through his begging much gold, the gold was all used to help those who were unfortunate. He worked and taught his followers to work at whatever they could find to do, for he said he who will not work ought not to eat, and each must work at the work he can do.

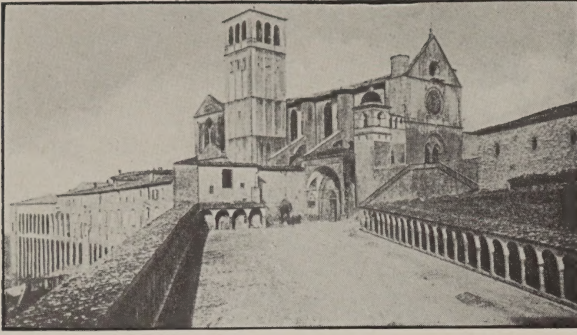
One of the stories told of St. Francis is the way in which he tamed a wolf that had been a great trouble in the country where he lived. Mothers were afraid to let their children play about on account of this wolf. Men were afraid of him and no one could do anything about it. St. Francis went out to meet the wolf and, making the sign of the cross, commanded the wolf to lie down at his feet, saying, "Brother wolf, I command you in the name of Christ that you do not harm me or anybody." After this it is said that the wolf became one of his best friends and followed him everywhere like a dog, and the children played with this wolf that they had been so much afraid of just as they would play with a dog, and when he died they grieved for him because he had been the friend of St. Francis.

St. Francis believed that God gave special grace to those who loved his little sisters and brothers, the birds and beasts.

In "Everybody's St. Francis" by Maurice F. Egan, the following story is told of the doves St. Francis loved.

"Even Brother Fly, though Francis evidently did not look upon him as of the elect, like the lambs and the doves, was not to be called accursed. One day Francis met a youth of amiable appearance on his way to market with a number of turtle-doves in a cage. Now, Francis loved doves, they were so gentle and so affectionate, and had not the Madonna herself offered them in the temple?

"'O buone giovane,' he said, 'give unto me



THE CHURCH IN ASSISI WHERE ST. FRANCIS PREACHED.

these birds, which are in holy writ compared to chaste and humble souls, so that they may not fall into cruel hands and be killed.'

"And the young man, by the grace of God, gave the cage of doves to Francis. And then Francis looked into the youth's eyes and said sweetly:

" 'Little son, thou wilt later be a brother in this order, and serve Jesus Christ most graciously.'

"And so in time the good youth became one of the blessed order of Francis, and died in the grace of God, which Francis had sought for him because he enabled him to set the doves free. And to the doves he said:

" 'O my little pure doves, my little sisters, simple, innocent, chaste, why did you let yourselves be taken? See, I snatch you from death, and give nests to you, wherein you may increase and multiply, according to the commandment of the Creator.'

"Francis made nests for them at the Portiuncula, and without fear they lived with their families among the brethren, by whom they were fed. And after they had been fed, they would not go away until Francis had given them his blessing.

"The mighty love in the heart of Francis drew all pure-hearted things to him, and gave him power to work what men called miracles. There are many records of his way with sinners; for no sinner was hopeless in his eyes, and there was no sinner who might not be called his brother."

Two years ago I visited the little hill town of Assisi in Italy on purpose to see the quaint old church where the good St. Francis preached,

and as I stood before the tomb of St. Francis in the gloomy chapel below the church, I thought how strange it is that the power and the beauty of love for all God's creatures, from the highest to the lowest, has not yet become the real and practical religion of the world.—A. H. S.

A True Bird Story.

Every boy and girl ought to know about a nice boy who lives on the North Shore: his name is Roland Higgins.

One day he found a little bird lying on the grass under a tree. It looked like a canary bird but its bill was too long for a canary bird. I wonder if the boy or girl who is reading this true story of a kind-hearted boy knows what kind of a bird it was that he found?

Roland put the bird into a nice cage and scattered canary seed on the floor of the cage, but the little bird seemed stunned and sat huddled up in a corner with its eyes closed and its little breast palpitating in a most pitiful manner: every once in a while the little creature would tremble or shudder.

A lady happened to see Roland and a number of children crowding around the cage and all talking loudly and she told the children that they were frightening the little bird. The children were very docile, and immediately stepped back and stopped talking, or spoke in a very soft voice. Were they not dear children? The lady was much pleased and loved the children for being so kind. She asked Roland if he would be willing for her to try to see if the bird would fly and so return again to his home in some tree perhaps not far away. He hesitated for a moment, not being quite willing to give up the bird, but when the lady told him that he did not know how to feed it, that the little creature lived on insects and seeds that he could not get for him, and so the bird would starve and die, if fright did not kill him, Roland handed the cage to the lady. She took it, opened the door, and held it up among the branches of a tree. For some time the little bird made no sign, then he opened his eyes, and after looking about him for a minute or two, he hopped to the door of the cage and disap-

peared like a flash. The lady and children looked up into the tree to try to see him but no one caught a glimpse of him till a little girl exclaimed, "There he goes" and pointed in the direction in which he had flown.

Roland looked rather disconsolate when the lady handed him back the empty cage, but when she praised him for his conduct, and asked the other children if they did not think he had done the right thing and they all said, "Yes, we do," he brightened up, and when the lady told him that she should write an account of his good deed and send it to "The Animal Rescue League" and they would print it in their paper, he looked very much pleased, especially when she added, "and I will send you a copy of the paper." So children a copy of this paper will go to Roland Higgins of Swampscott.—C. S. G.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Animal Rescue League was held in the ball room of the Copley Plaza Hotel the tenth of March. Mrs. Huntington Smith, president of the League, opened the meeting with a short report of the work. She reported that during the fifteen years of the League's existence it had taken into its possession and cared for humanely nearly 250,000 animals. During the last year the number cared for was 34,743. This included horses, dogs, cats, smaller animals, and birds that had been found on the streets, injured, or paralyzed by the cold. Three pigeons were taken from the roof of a house alive, but frozen together. In addition to this work forty-one horses were given vacations at Pine Ridge Home of Rest, in Dedham, during the summer.

Over fifty thousand humane publications had been circulated and Mrs. Smith gave a talk on the work before four women's clubs during the year.

Dr. Alexander Mann, rector of Trinity Church, gave an address on the way animals

should be treated. Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, author of "Saints and Friendly Beasts," "John of the Woods," "A Curious Book of Birds," told how she came to write her story of "Saints and Friendly Beasts." Mrs. Charles Fiske, jr. read the story of "How Bobbie Came Back" and after she had finished reading, Bobbie, a Boston terrier that Mr. George Mifflin of the firm of Houghton and Mifflin took from the League, about whom the story was written, was led up on the platform for the audience to admire. Bobbie brought forth great applause and when this was over Miss Margaret Morse, author of "Scottie," read an original poem on the dog.

Mrs. Smith then gave a half hour's entertainment with lantern slides illustrating the work.

After the exercises tea was served by Mrs. William P. Shreve assisted by Mrs. Daniel Staniford, Miss Mary Sawyer, Miss Marjorie Loring, Miss Katherine Foote, Miss Margaret Morse, Mrs. George Shepley Selfridge, Miss E. W. Storer, Mrs. Ezra R. Thayer, Miss Jane Hobart, Miss Mildred Bradley, Miss Grace Miller, Miss Dorothy Cobb, Miss Mary and Miss Cora Cummins.

It was announced that Mr. R. L. Agassiz had been elected to fill a vacancy in the Board of Directors and that Le Baron R. Briggs, Mrs. Charles Van Brunt and Mrs. William P. Shreve had been elected Vice-Presidents.

The Lincoln medals, which are given every year to boys and girls who have won distinction by some especially humane act, were presented by Mrs. Roland C. Lincoln to—

William Nolan, 6 Rollins Ct., Roxbury.

Oscar Peterson, 273 Columbia Rd.,
Dorchester.

Joseph G. Cronin, 1525 Tremont St.,
Roxbury.

Edward F. Lucas, Ladder 17, Shawmut Avenue.

Prizes for the humane rescue of animals were also awarded to—

Henry Moltedo, 42 Tyler St., Boston.

Barnett Siparsky, 25 Wall St., Boston.

Harry Ziskena, 54 S. Margin St.,
Boston.

George Mann, 83 Brook Av. Dorchester.



Boys Who Received Prizes.

While playing out with the boys, William Nolan, 6 Rollins Court, Roxbury, heard a kitten crying in a sewer. He could not see it, so getting a broom handle, he pried off the cover of the manhole. On a little ledge he saw a kitten wet and shivering. While the boys were looking, the kitten slipped off into the slime, in which it struggled until almost exhausted. William in the meantime had tied a string to a cracker tin which he lowered, and the poor kitten scrambled into it. It was nearly dead and a pitiful sight when brought to the League.

A Lincoln medal was given him.

Oscar Peterson, 273 Columbia Road, Dorchester, one very hot day last summer, during vacation time, made four long trips to the League to bring homeless cats and kittens that he had rescued. He found five kittens that had been thrown into some green paint and were in a pitiful condition. He then began a search in side streets and back yards, looking in ash barrels, and wherever he could find a homeless or starving cat he brought it to the League. Sometimes his load was very heavy. He was ridiculed by his companions, and when his day's work of rescue was done he was tired out, but he did not care for he had rescued that one day 20 kittens and 9 cats. He received a Lincoln medal.

Mrs. Moog, who has charge of the Receiving Station in Roxbury, sent in the story of a cat that had its head in a tin salmon can for four days or more and was rescued by Joseph G. Cronin, of 1525 Tremont Street, Roxbury, who received a medal.

"On the morning of July 3, 1913, a boy came to me for a basket to bring a cat which he had found on the street with its head in an empty salmon can. He had taken the cat into his cellar while he came for the basket. Later he returned with the basket, saying that the cat had gone and he could not find it. I told him to keep a good lookout for it and gave him the basket to keep longer. He promised he would do the best he could, and on July 7 he brought the cat, still with its head in the can, and almost dead. I gently removed the can and the poor creature was so exhausted it was some time before it could stand. After a while it revived and drank some warm milk, and I sent it to Carver Street."

Edward F. Lucas, a young man on Ladder 17, Shawmut Avenue, Boston, risked his life in getting a cat out of a very high tree, and a Lincoln medal was sent him for his brave act.

Henry Moltedo, 42 Tyler Street, Boston, a boy nine years old, saw a charcoal bag half buried in a snowdrift during a bad storm. He noticed that the bag moved, and picked it up. When he opened it he found three half frozen little kittens, left there to die, and brought them to the League. A book, "Fourfooted Friends," was given him.

Barnett Siparsky, 25 Wall Street, a 12-year old boy, when passing by an ash barrel, saw three little kittens nearly covered with ashes. He thought he saw one of them moving, and brushing the ashes away he found they were all alive, but in a wretched condition. He put them under his jacket and hurried with them to the League. He was given "Fourfooted Friends."

Harry Ziskena, 54 South Margin Street, Boston, rescued a kitten from a sewer where boys had thrown it. A boy held him by one hand while he lowered himself into the sewer to get it. He then brought it to the League and was given a story book, "Fourfooted Friends."

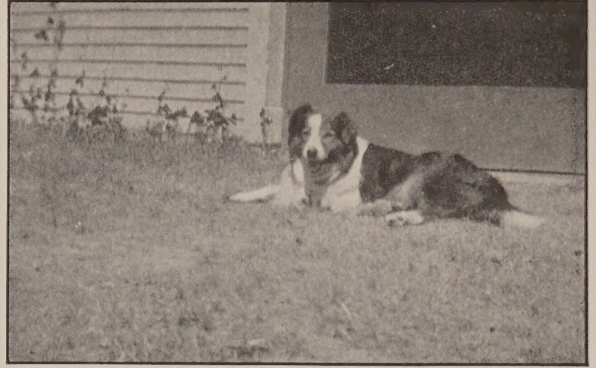
Frederick S. W. Lynch, 77 Sterling Street, Roxbury, eight years old, has always shown much zeal in picking up homeless cats and kittens and bringing them to the League. His

mother says he has often left his dinner or supper to take a cat or kittens to the League Receiving station on Roxbury Street. He has carried there 40 cats and kittens and one lame pigeon that he rescued from boys during the last year. One of the cases was that of a cat in a yard at the back of his house with its head caught in a salmon can. He climbed the fence and got the cat and with some difficulty removed the can. The cat was almost dead. Now he is putting his heel on all the empty cans he sees. "John of the Woods," by Abbie Farwell Brown, was given him for a prize.

George Mann, 83 Brook Avenue, Dorchester, sixteen years old, during the heavy snowstorm in February found a cat in the snow, blind and covered with mange,—a truly terrible sight. He took it to the League in the storm. This youth has rescued many cats. He was given the book, "John of the Woods," at the public meeting.

In a column of Boy Scout news seen in a recent paper there were accounts given of companies that had taken tramps on snow-shoes, spent a day camping and finding amusement in various ways, but there was only one item that gave one a thrill of pleasure. The Boy Scouts of Malden, evidently led by a scout master who has something better than mere amusement in view, took a tramp through the woods, expressly with the purpose of scattering grain and seeds for the birds starving in the severe cold and snowy weather. What a splendid thing that was for Boy Scouts to do! If they all had leaders who love the birds and animals and try to teach their company to study to be kind to these creatures so dependent on us for their comfort what an immense deal of good might be accomplished.

A letter from the janitor of a building reports that the cat he took from the League killed 10 rats in one night and yet the enemies of the cat declare that cats are of no use.



❁
LETTERS
❁

March 13, 1914.

My Dear Mrs. Smith:

I received the buttons and the pledge cards several weeks ago and have awakened a great interest among the boys, as well as the children in the mountains around us. About seventy have signed the pledge and as soon as I have secured a hundred names I will forward the cards to you, so that you will then feel you have a real Animal Rescue League here in the mountains of Virginia. Very few of our boys or girls write well but they are tremendously interested and I am sure it will have a splendid influence on their lives in interesting them in being kind to all living creatures. Our work is growing daily and on April 1st we open a new dormitory—an old log cabin which we have renovated and made into a very comfortable home for ten older boys and myself. You must come some time to see us, as I feel sure our work will appeal to you strongly.—Very cordially yours,

C. C. THURBER.

A letter from The Industrial School and Farm for Mountain Children and Homeless Boys, Covington, Va.

Kansas City, Kansas.

Mrs. Huntington Smith, Dear Friend: All my life I have been fighting for the helpless but

have accomplished very little, and I guess it was not intended that we should all do big things in this world. How happy it must make you to be able to relieve and save so many patient, suffering animals.

Will you tell us in the next FOURFOOTED FRIENDS, if possible, what you think of the sparrow, and, if it must be destroyed, how it may be accomplished humanely. You will see by the enclosed clipping that E. Harold Baynes has aroused a bitter feeling against them, therefore giving people who are inclined toward cruelty an opportunity to exercise their powers of destruction. It makes me heart sick every time I pick up a paper since Mr. Baynes lectured here to see some new method of butchering our tiny little comforters of the winter.

I have four children that have been taught from their babyhood to protect and never destroy any living thing, and that feeling is so strong in them that unconsciously they walk around anthills and bugs in their path. Not for anything in the world would I put upon them the task of killing the sparrows, as parents all over this city are doing. I know your gentle heart is full of sympathy for these persecuted little birds, and will advise us what is the best method to pursue in order to keep children out of the slaughter which is inevitable. I wonder why it is that the majority of people are always so eager to grasp at anything which causes suffering or blood. When Mrs. Fiske made just as strong an appeal for mercy very few seemed impressed. It is a strange world.

In proof of my theory that if children are taught to be kind to the dumb they will be to the human. I want to tell you a circumstance which made me very happy. My oldest son had often been ridiculed because of kind acts which were considered "feminine, unmanly and chicken-hearted," but when in swimming with a crowd at a summer resort a young woman called for help and had gone under twice, it was my son who reached her side and brought her to safety. I heard afterwards about the rescue from other lips, not his, and the other men who were there acknowledged that not one of them had the courage to attempt an act which would endanger their lives.

I hope you will not think me an egotist in relating these things, but I would tell the whole world if it would convince them that kindness alone is the foundation of character and a child who possesses that one trait will be more susceptible to every other good influence.

We organized here last summer an "Animal Rescue League" and have one hundred dollars, acquired by the hard work of a few women, no donations. Plans are being made to increase the fund so that we may have some kind of a place where strays may be taken. Of course you know how hard it is to interest the public in a cause of this kind, yet in one week \$50,000 was subscribed by our generous people toward a Y. M. C. A. They will not give us one cent.

I look forward each month for your paper, which is such a help and comfort.

I have said before in this magazine that I consider it extremely wrong to give any encouragement to boys to kill the English sparrows. It is a matter of great sorrow and perplexity to me that men and some women, for the sake, they claim, of saving the birds they are interested in, should advocate what really amounts to cruel measures to get rid of sparrows and cats, greatly exaggerating the harm they do.—A. H. S.

Roslindale, Mass.

Dear Friend: About the dog we took from the League Sept. 15, 1913. When we took him at first he was so wild we thought we would have to bring him back. Then he got sick and we got some medicine for him. He is now one of the best dogs you would find anywhere, a lovely watch dog, good and kind to the children, and no money could buy him back. Mrs. M. F.

Brookline.

Dear Friend: Yours of the 2nd received in reference to how the dog is behaving. Well, he still chases autos and teams, and every expressman, ashman and peddler that comes to the house swears he will have his life; but outside of that, and the fact that he eats as much as an elephant, he is all right. Yours, W. F.

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Needham Heights, Mass.

Dear Friend: In regard to dog which I took from you August 4, 1913, all I can say might be said in these few words: He is an irrepressible and also irresistible Boston terrier. He is healthy and, I think, contented. He seems to be a very good companion for my wife, who has to be alone a great deal. Hoping this will answer your card of above date, I remain. A. P.

Hudson, Mass.

Tiger and I reached the station safely November 15th although our nerves were slightly dis-

turbed by the city noises. We waited a short time for our train and reached home without an accident. The cat seems perfectly contented in his new home and I think he will soon rule the house. He has behaved splendidly and I am very fond of him already.

Last week he caught a couple of mice for our nearest neighbor, so his welcome is assured in that quarter.

He seems perfectly well and spends most of his daytime out of doors. I hope I have a cat now that will prove just what I want.

Thanking you for the cat I remain Yours sincerely,—P. E. M.



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